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The

# KILROYS

NO 26  
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Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

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Eyes.....

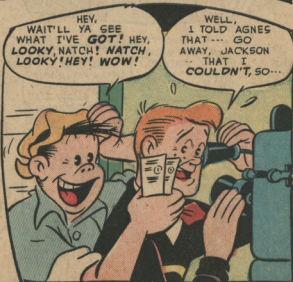
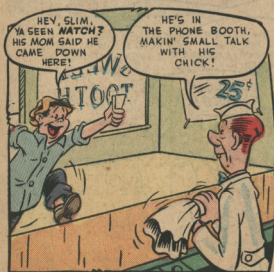
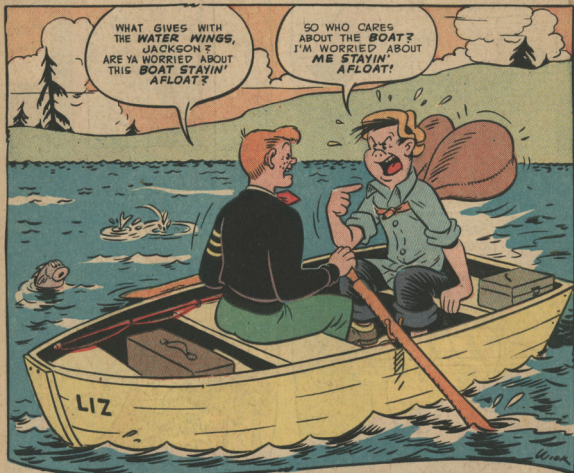
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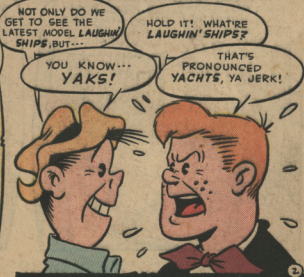
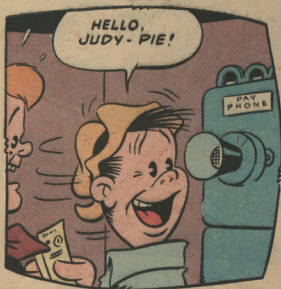
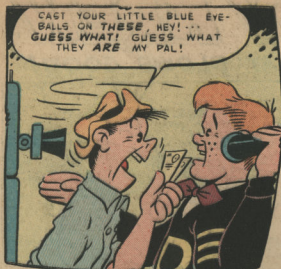
# The KILROY KREW

"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS GOOD!"

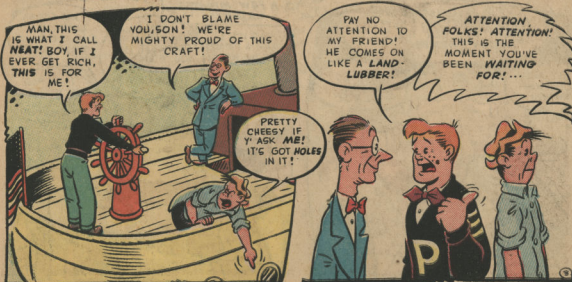
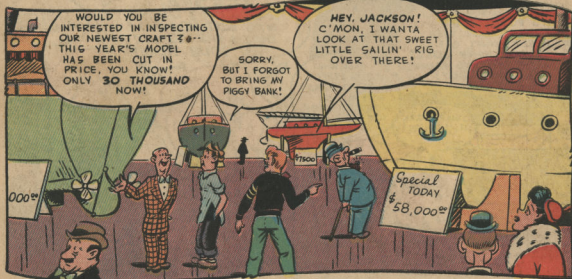
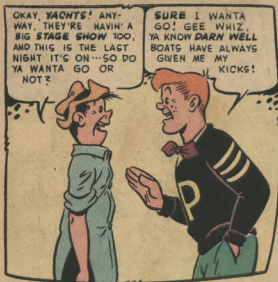


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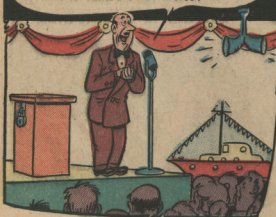








AS A FITTING CLIMAX TO THE GREATEST BOAT SHOW WE'VE EVER HAD, WE'RE GIVING AWAY A 50-FOOT, OCEAN-GOING KETCH, COMPLETELY STOCKED WITH A YEAR'S PROVISIONS!



THIS SHIP, GENEROUSLY DONATED BY THE MARTIN BOAT BUILDING COMPANY, IS CAPABLE OF SAILING AROUND THE WORLD--AND SOME LUCKY PERSON IS GOING TO HAVE HIS LIFE'S DREAM COME TRUE!

NATCH! NATCH! THIS IS IT! LOOKIT THE NUMBER ON YOUR TICKET! LOOK AT IT! MAYBE...

HOLY COW, QUIT ACTIN' SO JERKY!



REMEMBER, IT'S POSSIBLE THE WINNER ISN'T EVEN HERE! ANYWAY, GET READY... HERE GOES! ... THE WINNING NUMBER IS... IS... 65207!

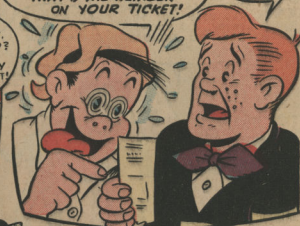
WELL, WHAT DID YA EXPECT, YA KNUCKLEHEAD? HOLY HEY, YA DIDN'T EVEN PAY FOR THE TICKET! IT WAS...

GULP! DARN IT, I DIDN'T WIN!



YEE-IPE! LOOKIT! I DIDN'T WIN, BUT YOU DID! THAT'S THE NUMBER ON YOUR TICKET!

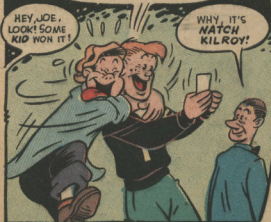
HUH??



JUMPIN' JALOPIES, JACKSON. YOU'RE RIGHT! HEY! HEY! I WON! I'VE GOT THE WINNIN' NUMBER!

HEY, JOE, LOOK! SOME KID WON IT!

WHY, IT'S NATCH KILROY!



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER-----

HOLD IT! I WANT A PICTURE FOR THE NEWS!

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, SON! WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH 'ER... TAKE A TRIP?

I'M GONNA LEARN TO SAIL 'ER RIGHT FIRST, SIR!

I HELPED HIM WIN! I GAVE 'IM THE TICKET!





**S**O, THE NEXT MORNING...

I THINK IT'S **WONDERFUL**, NATCH, BUT YOU'VE NEVER **SAILED** ANYTHING BUT A SMALL ONE BEFORE!

I KNOW, MOM, BUT JACKSON AND I ARE TAKIN' HER OUT IN THE BAY THIS MORNING AND **PRACTICE** HANDLING HER!

AND I'M GOING WITH YOU, MY BOY!

I'M AN **EXPERT** ON SAILING BOATS! I BUILT A SHIP IN A **BOTTLE** ONCE, Y'KNOW... I'LL CHANCE MY CLOTHES!

HEY, CAPN KILROY! IT'S ME, YOUR **DECK HAND**!

DON'T BE A **JERK**, JACKSON! YOU'VE GOT A HALF INTEREST IN HER!

I'M **READY**, NATCH!... AH, YOU'RE A LUCKY BOY TO HAVE AN OLD SALT LIKE ME FOR A FATHER!... I'LL GIVE YOU PROPER **INSTRUCTIONS**!... WELL, DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS!... **LET'S GO!**

J. EDGAR KILROY, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR **MIND**? THAT'S YOUR **LODGE UNIFORM**!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT? THESE UNIFORMS ARE EXACT COPIES OF **JOHN PAUL JONES'** DRESS UNIFORM!... AND HE WAS A **PRETTY GOOD SAILOR**!... I'LL BE THE VOICE OF **AUTHORITY** ON THAT BOAT! LOOKING LIKE...

YOU'LL BE THE VOICE OF **AUTHORITY NOWHERE!** YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EMBARRASS THE BOYS! THEY'LL GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!

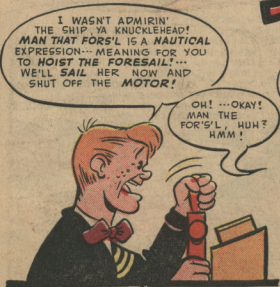
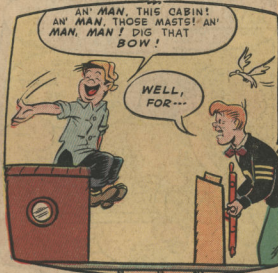
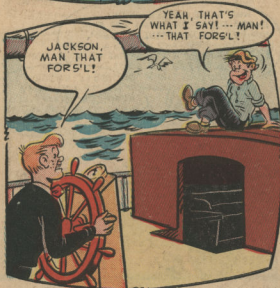
**WHEW!** FOR A MINUTE THERE, I THOUGHT HE WAS COMIN'!

HOLY COW, SO DID I! EVEN IF HE IS MY POP, HE GURE WOULD COME ON LIKE A CORNBOUT IN THAT OUTFIT!

**WOW, JACKSON!** THERE SHE IS! THE **MARY B.**! LOOK AT HER! SHE'S AS BEAUTIFUL AS MY **JUDISPIE!**

YUP! MAN, I'LL BET THE **PRETTY CHICKS** 'LL BE AFTER US TO TAKE 'EM SAILIN' NOW. HUH?



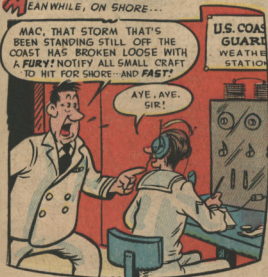




**A** HALF-HOUR MORE  
PASSES...



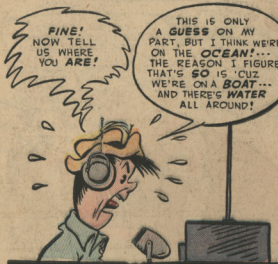
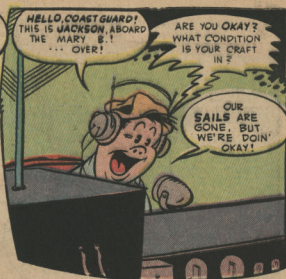
**M**EANWHILE, ON SHORE...



**A**ND BACK TO  
JACKSON AND NATCH...

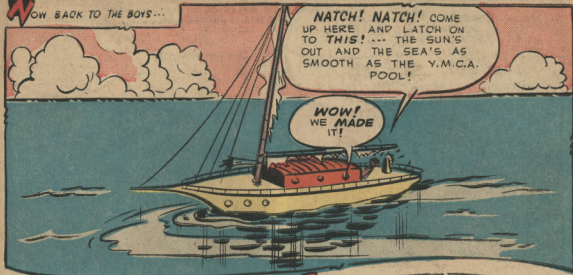








**N**OW BACK TO THE BOYS...

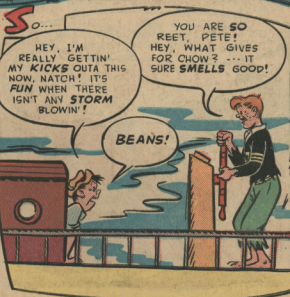
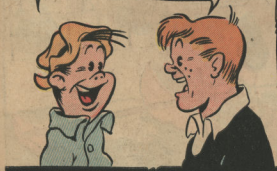


**NATCH! NATCH!** COME UP HERE AND LATCH ON TO **THIS!** ... THE SUN'S OUT AND THE SEA'S AS SMOOTH AS THE Y.M.C.A. POOL!

**WOW!**  
WE MADE IT!

NOW WE CAN HEAD FOR **HOME**, HUH?

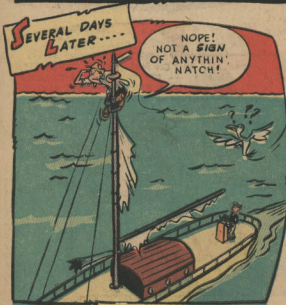
YEAH?... **HOW?** WHY, WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHICH **DIRECTION** TO GO! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HOLD HER ON A STEADY COURSE AND WAIT FOR 'EM TO FIND US!



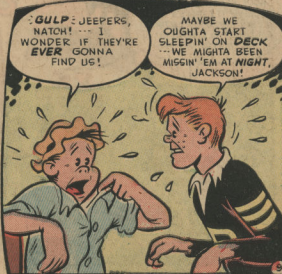
**S**O... HEY, I'M REALLY GETTIN' MY **KICKS** OUTA THIS NOW, NATCH! IT'S **FUN** WHEN THERE ISN'T ANY **STORM** BLOWIN'!

YOU ARE SO REET, PETE! HEY, WHAT GIVES FOR CHOW? ... IT SURE **SMELLS** GOOD!

**BEANS!**



**NOPE!** NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHIN' NATCH!



**GULP:** JEEPERS, NATCH! ... I WONDER IF THEY'RE EVER GONNA FIND US!

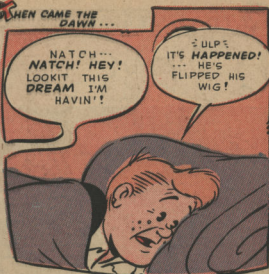
MAYBE WE OUGHTA START SLEEPIN' ON **DECK** ... WE MIGHTA BEEN MISSIN' 'EM AT NIGHT, JACKSON!



BOY, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE T'STEP ON OLD TERRA FIRMA AGAIN! ...HOLY COW, WE MUST BE ON THIS BOAT THREE WEEKS NOW...HEY! ...WHAT'S THAT?

PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE PORPOISES THAT HAVE BEEN FOLLOWIN' US! THEY KEEP BUMPIN' INTO THE BOAT!... WELL, 'NIGHT, JACKSON!

WHEN CAME THE DAWN...



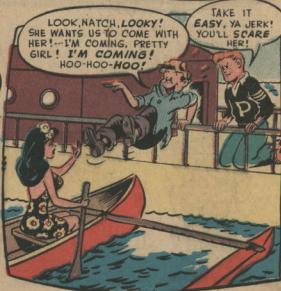
NATCH... NATCH! HEY! LOOKIT THIS DREAM I'M HAVIN'!

ULP! IT'S HAPPENED! ... HE'S FLIPPED HIS WIG!



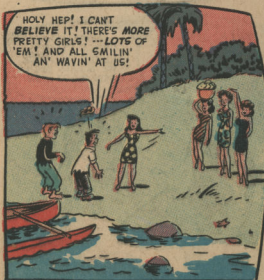
CREEPERS, IT'S NOT A DREAM! IT'S A REAL, LIVE, BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS CHICK!...HELLO, PRETTY GIRL!

THAT NOISE LAST NIGHT WAS US RUNNIN' AROUND ON THAT ISLAND!



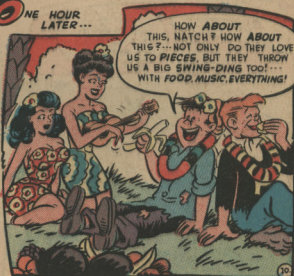
LOOK, NATCH, LOOKY! SHE WANTS US TO COME WITH HER!...I'M COMING, PRETTY GIRL! I'M COMING! HOO-HOO-HOO!

TAKE IT EASY, YA JERK! YOU'LL SCARE HER!



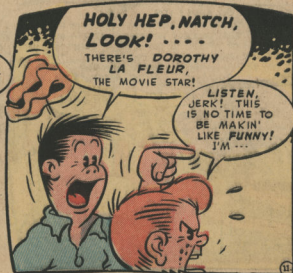
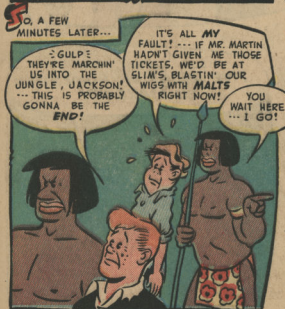
HOLY HEP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THERE'S MORE PRETTY GIRLS! ...LOTS OF 'EM! AND ALL SMILIN' AN' WAVIN' AT US!

ONE HOUR LATER...



HOW ABOUT THIS, NATCH? HOW ABOUT THIS?...NOT ONLY DO THEY LOVE US TO PIECES, BUT THEY THROW US A BIG SWING-DING TOO!... WITH FOOD, MUSIC, EVERYTHING!





LISTEN, KULUOAH. I  
TOLD YOU WE WOULDN'T  
**NEED** YOU FELLOWS UNTIL  
TOMORROW! ---OKAY,  
DOROTHY, LET'S SHOOT  
THAT TAKE OVER BU  
AGAIN AND--- EQUIN

**ZOWIE! IT IS  
DOTTY LA FLEUR --- IN  
FACT, IT'S A WHOLE  
MOVIE COMPANY!**

BUT HAVE  
FOUND YOUNG  
BOYS! ... CAME  
FROM SEA!

NATCH,  
WE'RE  
**SAVED!**

...AND THEN  
FINALLY WE  
LANDED HERE!  
... BY THE WAY,  
SIR, JUST WHERE  
ARE WE?

YOU'RE ON ONE OF THE  
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.  
SON! DOGGONED IF  
YOUR STORY ISN'T  
AS **FANTASTIC** AS SOME  
OF THE **MOVIES**  
WE MAKE...  
EH, DOROTHY?

RIGHT,  
HARRY! AND  
I THINK THE  
BOYS SHOULD  
BE TAKEN TO  
HONOLULU AND  
THEIR PARENTS  
NOTIFIED NOW!

**L**ATER—

THAT'S RIGHT, POPS...  
IN HONOLULU! ... AND  
NOW THAT WE KNOW  
WHAT DIRECTION TO GO, JACKSON  
AND I'LL SET SAIL IN  
THE MARY B. TOMORROW  
FOR ...

## WHAT?

YOU'LL DO NOTHING  
OF THE SORT! ANDY  
JACKSON AND I ARE  
COMING OUT THERE  
AND GET YOU!

50, A FEW DAYS  
LATER--

BUT GEE  
WHIZ, POPS! WHAT'RE  
WE GONNA DO WITH  
THE **MARY B.**? WE  
CAN'T GO OFF AND  
**LEAVE HER!**...  
WHAT'LL WE **DO?**

WE'LL  
SELL IT AND  
TAKE THE  
FIRST PLANE  
HOME!

FATHER  
---DON'T LOOK  
AT ME  
LIKE THAT!

**F**INALLY, GOING HOME  
ABOARD THE PLANE...

BY JINGO, ANDY! IT'S  
**AMAZING** HOW WELL THIS TURNED  
OUT! THAT BOAT BROUGHT THE BOYS  
15 THOUSAND A-PIECE TO PUT IN THE  
BANK FOR THEIR COLLEGE EDUCATION  
...AND PAID **ALL OUR EXPENSES,**  
**TOO!**

WE SURE GOT  
PLENTY TO BE HAPPY  
ABOUT---HEY, JACKSON?  
AREN'T **YOU** HAPPY  
**TOO?**

YOU  
KIDDIN'? I'M  
REALLY A  
SAD LAD!

YUP! PRETTY  
NICE. ED!

WE'RE GONNA HAVE  
**FIVE WEEKS OF HOMEWORK  
TO MAKE UP!**

THE  
END (17)



# "U.S. ROYAL"

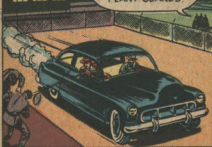
WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE  
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL--THOSE  
MEN IN THE CAR  
SHOT THE ATOMIC  
PLANT GUARDS!



AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS  
AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND  
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER  
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE  
TOM NOTIFIES THE  
F.B.I.... I'M TAKING  
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY  
ON A BIKE IS  
FOLLOWING  
US! SHOULD  
I PLUG HIM?

NAH... SAVE YOUR  
BULLETS, MUGSY  
... WE'LL LOSE  
HIM-- WE'RE  
DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL  
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS  
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR  
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH  
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!



DROP THAT GUN,  
BUD... YOU WON'T  
NEED IT WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!



WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY  
FAR FROM THE STOLEN ATOMIC  
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR  
TERRIFIC SPEED AND  
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

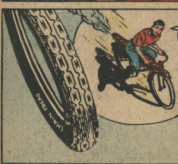
LOOKS LIKE OUR  
U.S. ROYALS SAVED  
THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND  
PERFECT CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR  
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN  
TRY THEM AND SEE



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--  
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.  
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN..." SAYS U.S. ROYAL



NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO  
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH--WHEN  
YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL  
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, BE SAFE...  
GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# Record RUSE

**T**IM HARRIS was desperate---and he had good reason to be. His best girl, Louise Parker ---the prettiest chick in Central High---had publicly slapped his face and furiously declared that she never wanted him to speak to her again.

And there was no way for Tim to plead his case, to explain about that new girl she'd seen him dating---for she hung up every time she heard his voice on the phone, tore up the beseeching notes he sent her in class, and stalked haughtily away whenever he tried to approach her. If only he could---wait! Maybe there was a way!

The next morning, Tim walked into his speech class and saw that there was an empty seat next to Louise. Smiling hopefully, he slid into the seat---and felt himself just shriveling up in agony as Louise gathered up her books and papers and walked over to another empty seat on the opposite side of the classroom. "This has got to work," Tim thought grimly. "If it doesn't, I'll be the laughing-stock of the class---and Louise'll hate me more than ever!"

The opening bell clanged away in the corridors, and Miss Finch, the speech teacher, smiled brightly out at the class. "Today we're going to begin an analysis of speech faults---and as I told you yesterday, the best way for you to realize your own speech defects is to hear yourself as others hear you. Did any of you bring in a recording of his or her voice, as I suggested?"

Eagerly, Tim jumped up, waving the record he'd made on his home-

recorder last night. Smiling at his enthusiasm, Miss Finch said, "All right, Timothy. You may be the first to play us a voice recording. I want the rest of you to pay careful attention to any speech faults you discern, so that you can offer some constructive criticism when the record is over."

With trembling hands, Tim placed the record on the school phonograph, and the first words began emerging from the loud-speaker:

"With apologies to Miss Finch and to the rest of the class, I'd like to take this opportunity to explain to Louise Parker the real reason for---"

Tim looked up in panic as he saw Louise leap to her feet, eyes blazing, face white with anger. But then, before Louise could turn to leave the room, Miss Finch's stern voice cut in: "Louise---sit down! You haven't been excused!"

With a sigh of relief, Tim saw Louise obediently sit down---and a glow of happiness began spreading over him as he watched a faint smile tug at the corners of her mouth. Their eyes met, and Tim knew that she wasn't even listening to the record---that she was smiling at him as if he were the boldest, cleverest, most adorable boy she'd ever known!

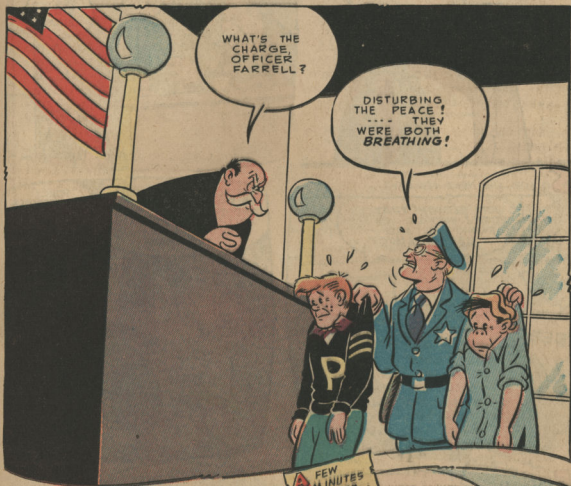
When the record was over, Miss Finch tried to keep a straight face as she asked, "Well, any criticisms? Louise, did you detect any faults in Timothy's speech?"

"No," Louise sighed. "I... I thought it was wonderful!"



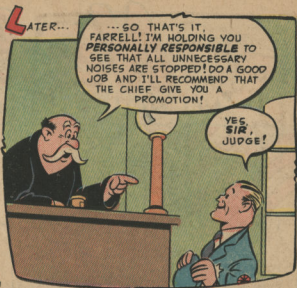
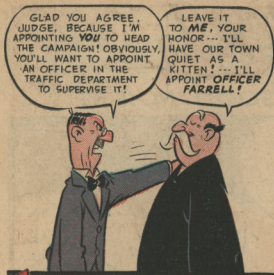
# Natch

"NO NOISE IS GOOD NOISE!"

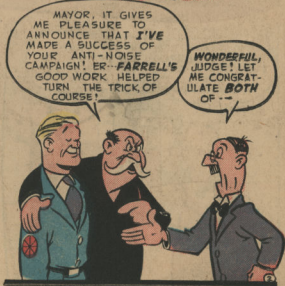
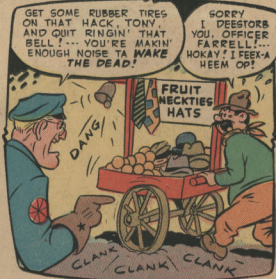
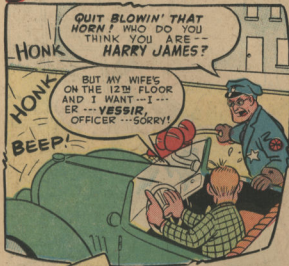


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

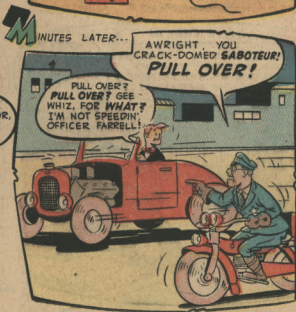
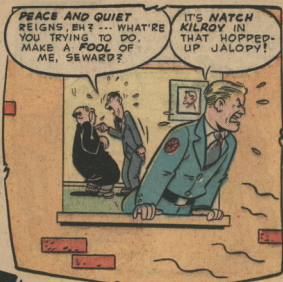
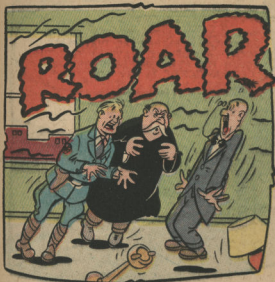


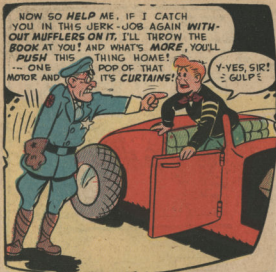


**S**O, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS...



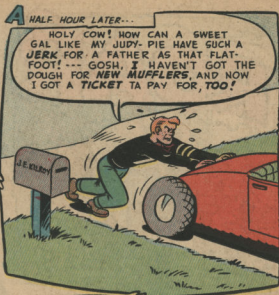






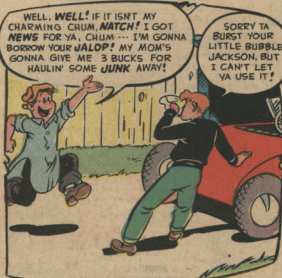
NOW SO HELP ME, IF I CATCH YOU IN THIS JERK-JOB AGAIN **WITH-OUT MUFFLERS ON IT**, I'LL THROW THE BOOK AT YOU! AND WHAT'S **MORE**, YOU'LL **PUSH THIS THING HOME!** --- ONE POP OF THAT ITS CURTAINS!

Y-YES, SIR!  
GULP!



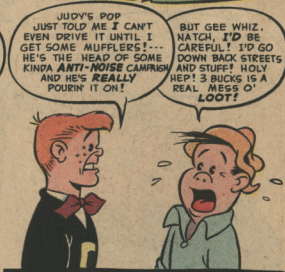
A HALF HOUR LATER...

HOLY COW! HOW CAN A SWEET GAL LIKE MY JUDY-PIE HAVE SUCH A JERK FOR A FATHER AS THAT FLAT-FOOT! --- GOSH, I HAVEN'T GOT THE DOUGH FOR NEW MUFFLERS, AND NOW I GOT A TICKET TO PAY FOR, TOO!



WELL, **WELL!** IF IT ISN'T MY CHARMING CHUM, **NATCH!** I GOT **NEWS** FOR YA, CHUM --- I'M GONNA BORROW YOUR **JALOP!** MY MOM'S GONNA GIVE ME 3 BUCKS FOR HAULIN' SOME **JUNK** AWAY!

SORRY TA BURST YOUR LITTLE BUBBLE, JACKSON, BUT I CAN'T LET YA USE IT!



JUDY'S POP JUST TOLD ME I CAN'T EVEN DRIVE IT UNTIL I GET SOME MUFFLERS! --- HE'S THE HEAD OF SOME KINDA **ANTI-NOISE** CAMPAIGN AND HE'S **REALLY** POURIN' IT ON!

BUT GEE WHIZ, **NATCH, I'D** BE CAREFUL! I'D GO DOWN BACK STREETS AND STUFF! HOLY HEP! 3 BUCKS IS A REAL MESS O' **LOOT!**



I KNOW IT!... BUT I JUST CAN'T DO IT, JACKSON!... HE'D THROW THE BOOK AT ME... HE SAID SO!

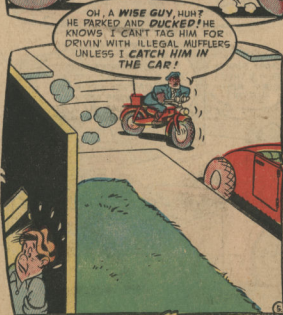
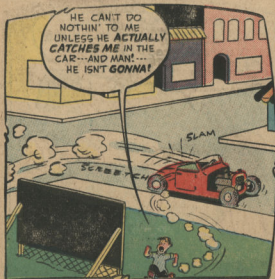
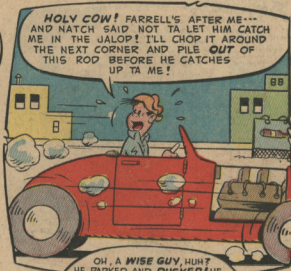
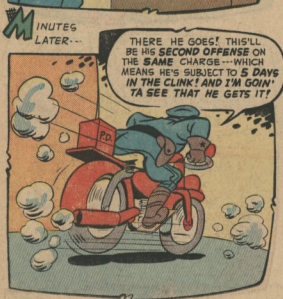
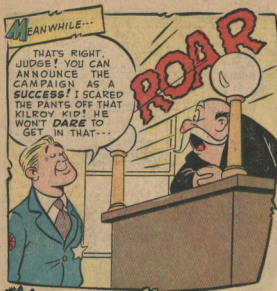
OKAY! O-KAY! IF THAT'S WHATCHA CALL **FRIENDSHIP, OKAY!**... I GAVE MY WORD I'D STEER CLEAR OF HIM, BUT MY WORD DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU!... **GOODBYE, EX-FRIEND!**

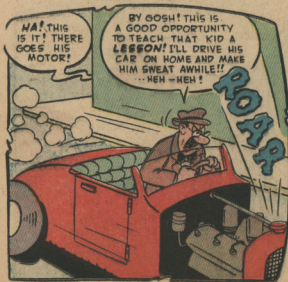
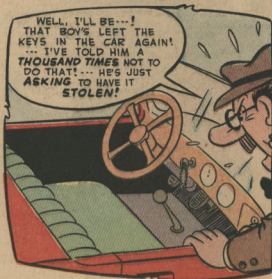
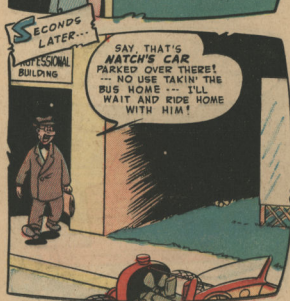
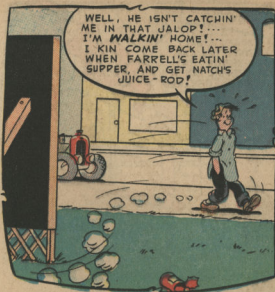
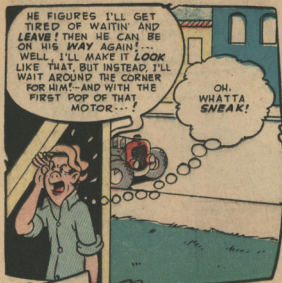


HOLY HEP!... AW GOLLY, JACKSON!... OKAY, WAIT!... YOU CAN USE IT!... BUT REMEMBER, FERGOSH SAKES DON'T LET FARRELL CATCH YA IN IT!

HEY, **KEEN!** I WON'T, **NATCH!**... I WON'T!...



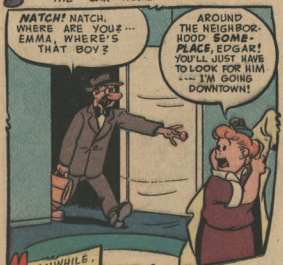




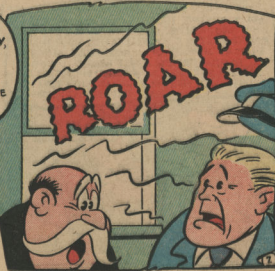
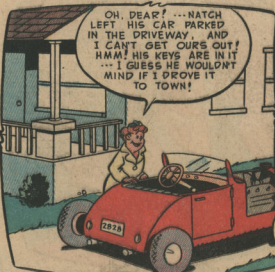
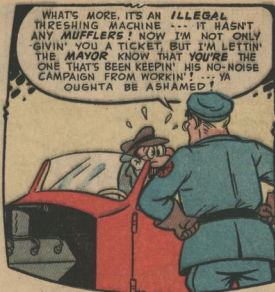


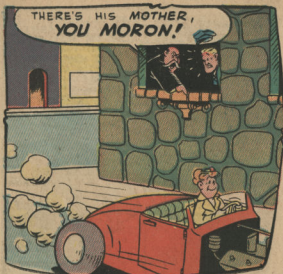


SO, AFTER EDGAR PUSHED THE CAR HOME...

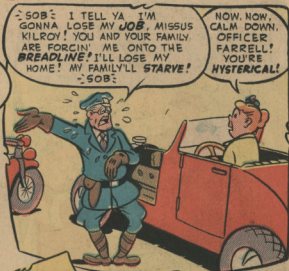
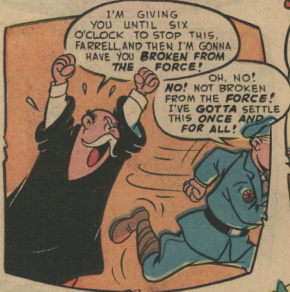


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CITY HALL...

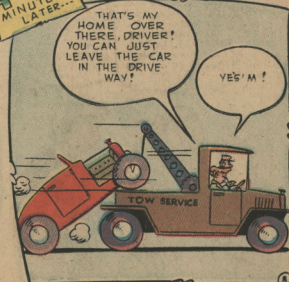




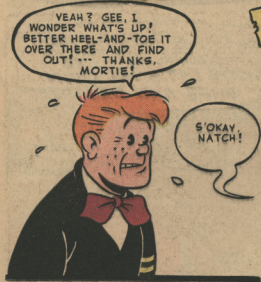
SO FARRELL STOPS MRS. KILROY...



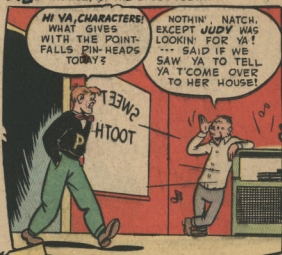
A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER...



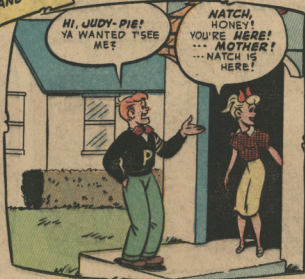


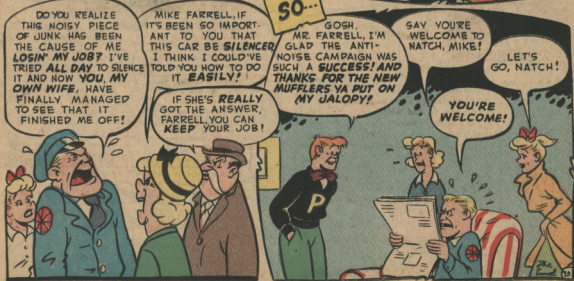
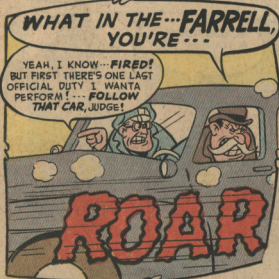


**M**EANWHILE, AT THE SWEET TOOTH...



AND SO...





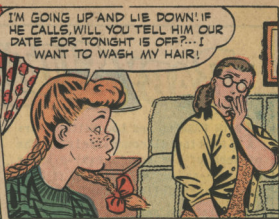


**BETSY**  
by AL



HOLY SOCKS, AM I TIRED, MOTHER! HAS WILBUR CALLED?

NOT YET, DEAR!



I'M GOING UP AND LIE DOWN! IF HE CALLS, WILL YOU TELL HIM OUR DATE FOR TONIGHT IS OFF?... I WANT TO WASH MY HAIR!



ON SECOND THOUGHT, MOTHER, I THINK I'LL BE EVEN TOO TIRED TO WASH MY HAIR TONIGHT...



...SO IF WILBUR CALLS, TELL HIM I'LL GO DANCING AFTER ALL!

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☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.  
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# BABY-SITTING BLUES

RED FARRELL and Lou Walters were sitting disconsolately in the offices of the town's Baby-Sitting Bureau---and both looked as if they would never smile again.

"There's no point in going to the prom tonight," Red said gloomily. "Not when Margie isn't going."

"Yeah," Lou agreed sadly. "If the newest and prettiest girl in town won't be at that dance, we might as well not waste our time by going---we're better off earning half a buck an hour by baby-sitting!"

The phone suddenly rang in the office, and when Mrs. Benton, in charge of the Baby-Sitting Bureau, finally hung up, she said, "Well, one of you boys is in luck! All the regular baby-sitters seem to be going to the prom tonight, so one of you can have the honor of sitting for the Johnsons, over on Center Street. Mr. Johnson just called up to say that his daughter finally decided to go to the prom, and since Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are going out, too, they'll need a baby-sit---wait! Where are you boys going---don't you want to do any baby-sitting tonight?"

"Not me!" Red shouted over his shoulder as he leaped for the door.

"If Margie Johnson is going to the prom, nothing is going to keep me from being there!"

"Yeah," said Lou as he followed close on Red's heels. "And I'm not going to let anyone monopolize her---I intend getting my share of dances with her!"

"But I already told Mr. Johnson that I'd send someone down there!" wailed Mrs. Benton. "If neither of you goes, it'll ruin their plans!"

Then, as the door slammed behind the two boys, Mrs. Benton sighed. "Oh, well---I'll just have to call them back and tell them I can't supply a baby-sitter for them!"

Half an hour later, Mrs. Benton looked up in surprise as the sheepish Lou Walters ambled into the office. "I...I got to thinking what you said about making the Johnsons change their plans, and I...I thought it would be a dirty deal after you promised them a baby-sitter. So I decided to come back and baby-sit for them. Maybe I...I'll get a dance with Margie at next year's prom!"

Mrs. Benton smiled kindly at him. "That was very thoughtful of you, Lou. Now you hurry on down to the Johnson's while I call them up and tell them you're coming."

When Lou got to the Johnson's home and rang the bell, he nearly sank to the floor when he saw a radiantly lovely vision in a flowing white party dress answer the door. It was Margie!

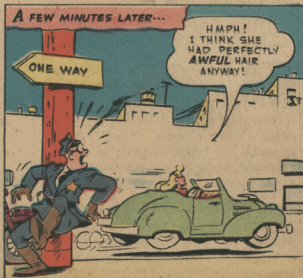
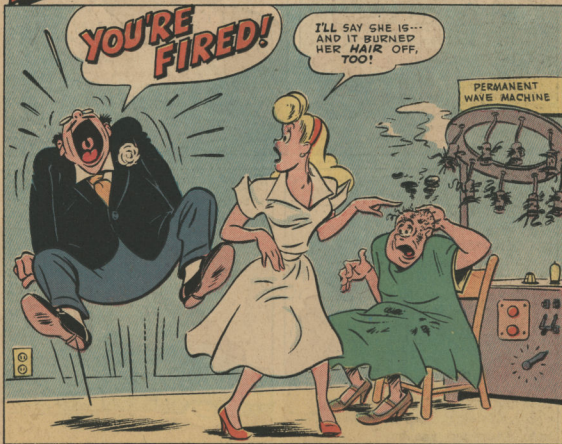
"But...but I thought you...you were going to the prom," Lou stammered out.

"I was," Margie smiled brightly at him; "but when Mrs. Benton called back the first time and said she couldn't send over a baby-sitter, I told my folks that they could go out and I'd watch little Bobby. And when she called back a second time, it was too late to go to the prom---and anyway, I didn't really want to---when Mrs. Benton told me how thoughtful and considerate you were. I...I thought we might have our own little prom here, dancing to radio music!"

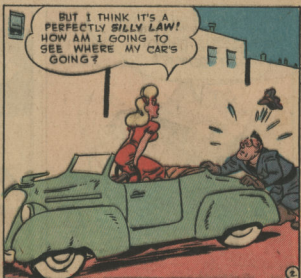
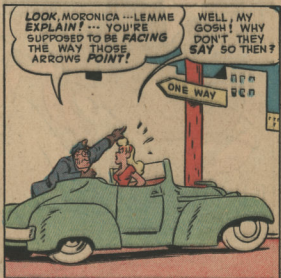
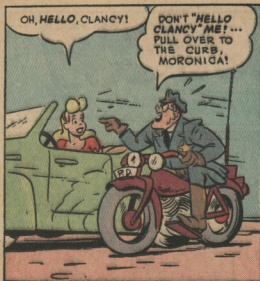
Lou beamed as he entered. "Golly, just think---there won't even be anyone to cut in!"

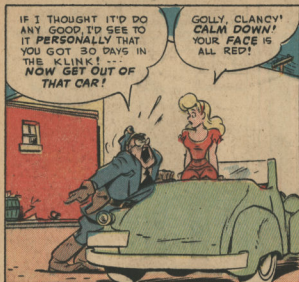
# MORONICA

MISS NITWIT OF 1950









IF I THOUGHT IT'D DO ANY GOOD, I'D SEE TO IT PERSONALLY THAT YOU GOT 30 DAYS IN THE KLINK! ... NOW GET OUT OF THAT CAR!

GOLLY, CLANCY! CALM DOWN! YOUR FACE IS ALL RED!



NOW IF YOU'LL STAND BACK, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO!



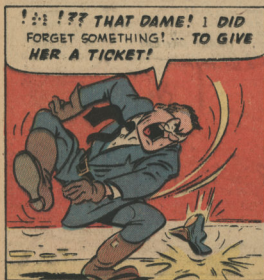
YA GET IT NOW? ... YOU'RE BOTH SUPPOSED TO GO THE WAY THE ARROW POINTS!

WELL, WHADDEYA KNOW!

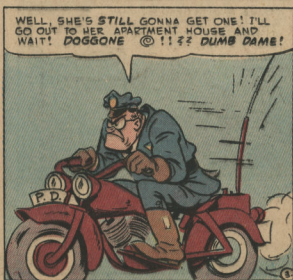


GEE, THANKS A LOT, CLANCY! BE SEEN' YA!

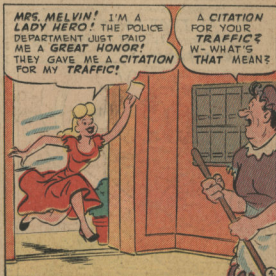
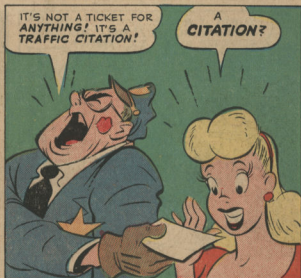
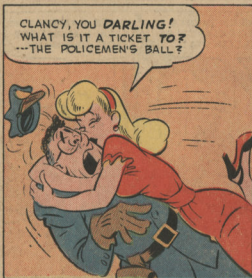
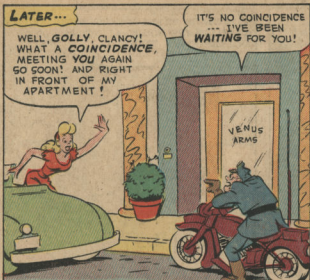
I HOPE NOT! ... DOGGONE, SEEMS LIKE I FOR-GOT SOMETHING!



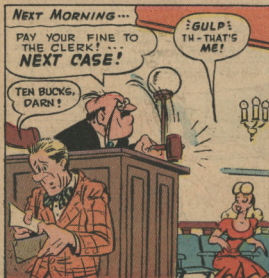
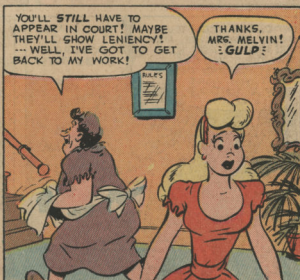
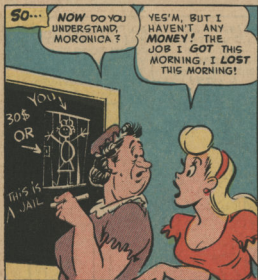
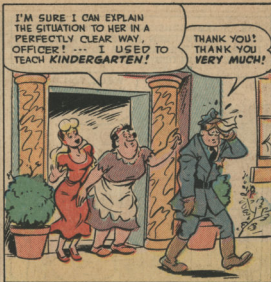
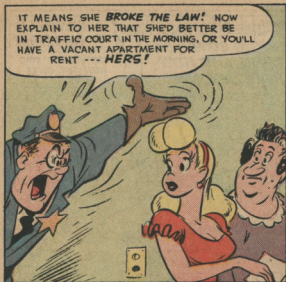
!...!?? THAT DAME! I DID FORGET SOMETHING! ... TO GIVE HER A TICKET!

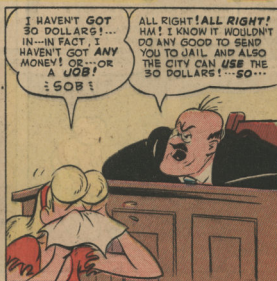


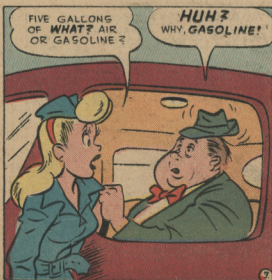
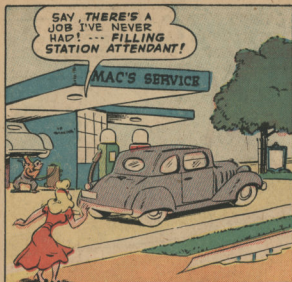
WELL, SHE'S STILL GONNA GET ONE! I'LL GO OUT TO HER APARTMENT HOUSE AND WAIT! DOGGONE ©!...?? DUMB DAME!



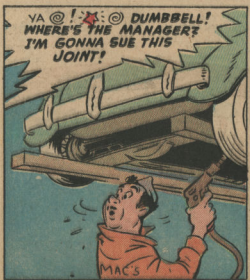
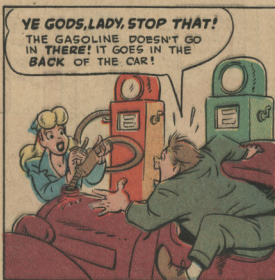
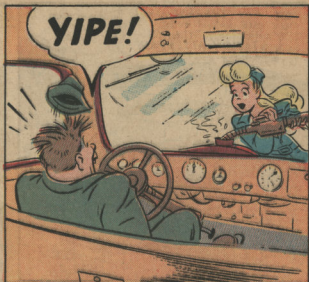
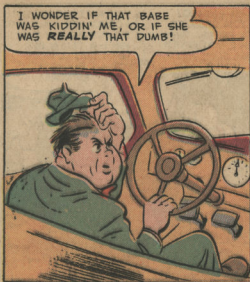


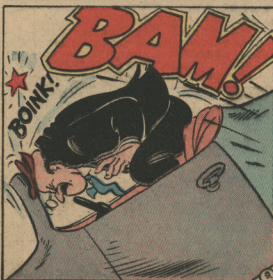
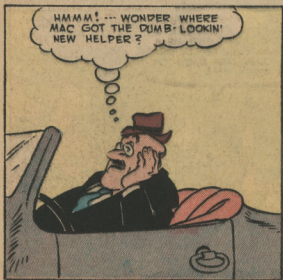
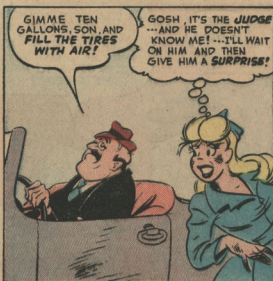
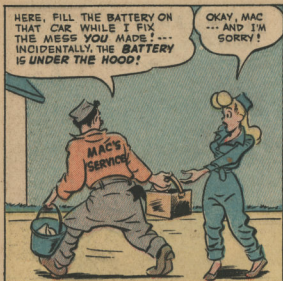


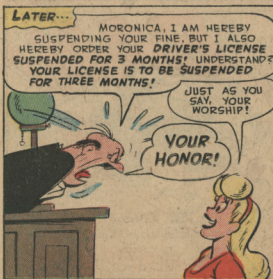
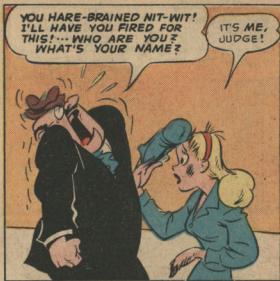
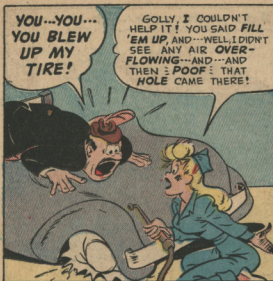








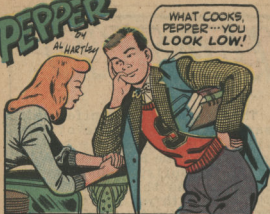




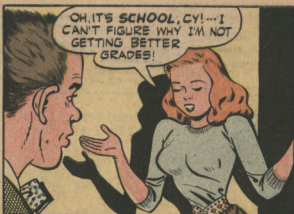


**PEPPER**  
by  
AL HARTLEY

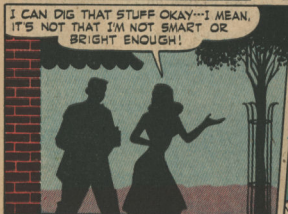
WHAT COOKS,  
PEPPER...YOU  
LOOK LOW!



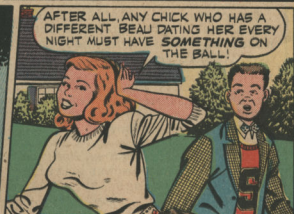
OH, IT'S SCHOOL, CY!...I  
CAN'T FIGURE WHY I'M NOT  
GETTING BETTER  
GRADES!



I CAN DIG THAT STUFF OKAY...I MEAN,  
IT'S NOT THAT I'M NOT SMART OR  
BRIGHT ENOUGH!



AFTER ALL, ANY CHICK WHO HAS A  
DIFFERENT BEAU DATING HER EVERY  
NIGHT MUST HAVE **SOMETHING** ON  
THE BALL!



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# BICYCLE *BUILT* for TWO

"SAY, GANG," Jennifer called out as she entered the soda shoppe, "I've got a really slick idea---how about all of us going on a bike ride tomorrow? We can pair off in couples, but we'll all go together!"

The chorus of assenting shouts was almost deafening---and Jennifer basked in the knowledge that it was *her* idea that had aroused such excitement. Now if she could only arouse an equal amount of enthusiasm in Jim Harder when she asked him to pair off with her tomorrow...

But as Jennifer approached the table at which Jim was sitting with Sylvia Gaines, she overheard Sylvia say, "Why, I'd love to go with you, Jim---it'll give me a chance to use the new bike I just bought!"

Jennifer's face flushed with anger, but she managed to turn aside and busy herself with the juke box before anyone could see how furious she was. When she managed to regain control over herself, she turned to the gang and said with all the sweetness she could summon up, "And to give us an earlier start, why don't we all meet at Sylvia's house in the morning---since she lives nearest to the road leading out of town?"

Again, there was a chorus of agreeing shouts, and again Jennifer's vanity expanded almost to the bursting point. But she knew she wouldn't be satisfied until Jim Harder began feeding her vanity with *his* attention---and tomorrow, she was sure, she'd have him all to herself and she could start latching onto him.

The next morning, Jennifer made sure that she was one of the first to be at Sylvia's house. But by the time Sylvia came down, smiling happily, almost everyone else was there, including Jim. "Be with you in a minute," Sylvia called out. "I just have to get my bike out of the garage."

A moment later, a cry of dismay brought the whole gang trooping into the garage---where they saw a tearful Sylvia standing in front of a bicycle whose tires had been thoroughly slashed!

Jennifer viewed her handiwork of the night before with suppressed glee, but her voice took on a sympathetic note as she said, "Oh, too bad, Sylvia. I guess you can't come with us---we can't wait until you bring the bike into town to be fixed. We'll have to leave without you---come on, Jim."

Jim Harder shook off the hand that Jennifer had placed possessively on his arm. "Wait a minute," he said. "Sylvia---you said this was your *new* bike. Is your *old* bike in working order?"

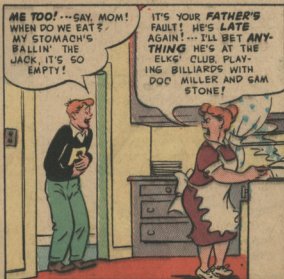
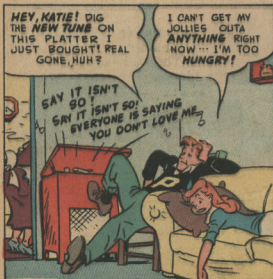
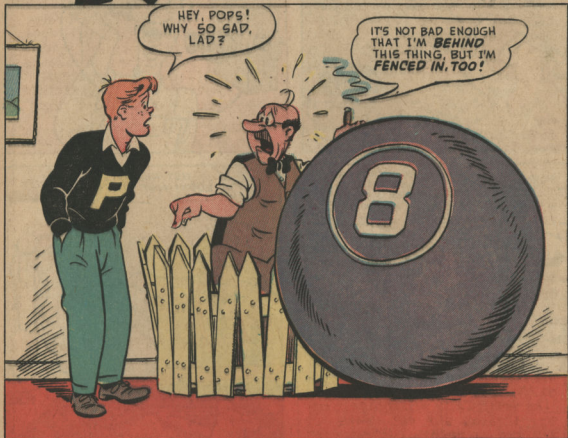
Dismally, Sylvia shook her head. "I traded it in," she mourned. "The only one around is Dad's old heap---but it's a *bicycle built for two!*"

"Well, what's wrong with *that*?" Jim said, grinning. "I'll leave my bike behind---let's go!"

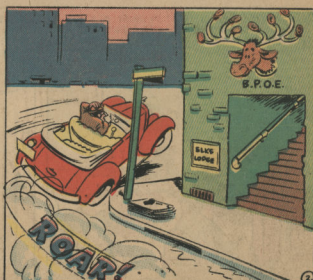
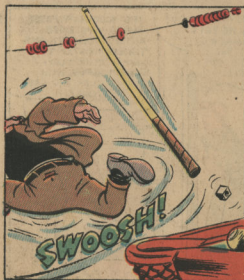
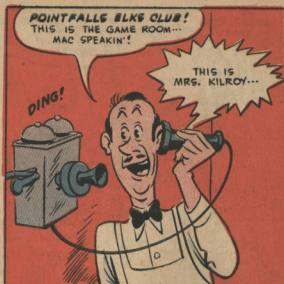
And as Jennifer saw the two smiling, happy riders of the two-seated bicycle come coasting out of the garage and down the country road, she turned and rode furiously back to town---by herself!

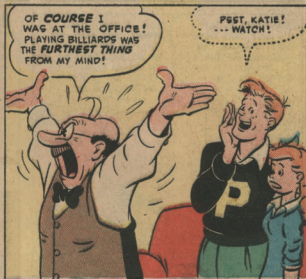
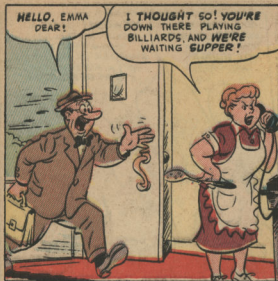
# The KILROYS

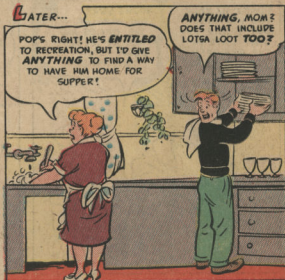
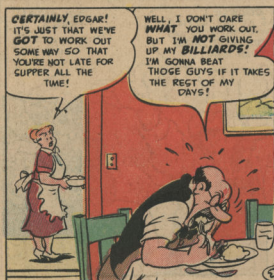
in  
"YA CAN'T WIN!"













SO THE NEXT DAY, AT  
THE ELKS' CLUB...

HEY, KEEN, HEY!  
C'MON, JACKSON!  
LET'S TAKE A  
TRAIN! \*

I'VE BEEN WANT-  
ING TO GET RID OF  
THIS OLD TABLE FOR  
TEN YEARS, NATCH!  
... I WAS MIGHTY  
GLAD YOUR MOM  
WANTED TO BUY  
IT!

\* START BEING USEFUL

LATER...

THAT'S FINE, BOYS!  
RIGHT THERE WILL  
BE ALL RIGHT! NOW  
I'LL CALL EDGAR  
AND MAKE SURE  
HE COMES RIGHT  
HOME!

HOLY COW!  
I'M REALLY  
WOOFED!...  
THIS THING  
MUST BE MADE  
OF CAST IRON!

YOU AIN'T JUST  
KIDDIN', FUNNY  
MAN!

AND LATER STILL...

WHAT IN... ?  
WOW! A  
BILLIARD  
TABLE!

AND IT'S YOURS,  
EDGAR! IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO PLAY, YOU  
MIGHT AS WELL DO  
IT AT HOME!

WHOOPEE! WAIT'LL DOG AND SAM  
HEAR THIS!... I GOTTA CALL 'EM RIGHT  
AWAY!

HEH-HEH! I'M GONNA  
REALLY PIN KILROY'S  
EARS BACK TODAY!  
...AND YOURS TOO,  
SAM!... HEH-HEH!

SAY, WHERE  
IS ED?

HE'S RIGHT  
HERE ON THE  
PHONE, AND  
HE WANTS TO  
TALK TO YOU!

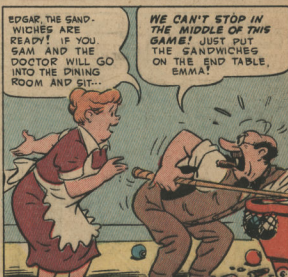
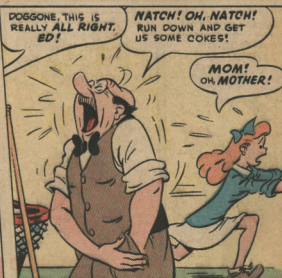
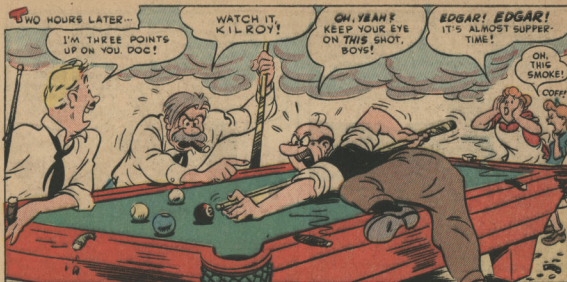
...IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

DOGGONE, KILROY, YOLD  
COOT, THIS IS REALLY  
SOMETHIN'!

SAVE YOUR  
BREATH, BOYS, AND  
GRAB YOUR CUES!  
HEH-HEH!

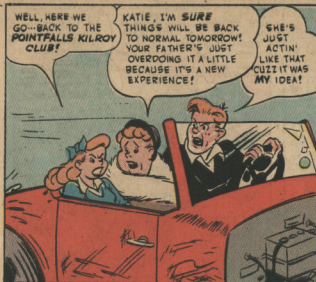
WELL, NATCH! IT  
LOOKS LIKE WE EAT  
ON TIME FROM  
NOW ON!

YEAH!









EDGAR, THIS HAS  
GONE ON **LONG**  
**ENOUGH!** I WANT  
YOU TO GET RID  
OFF ALL THOSE  
PEOPLE  
**IMMEDIATELY!**

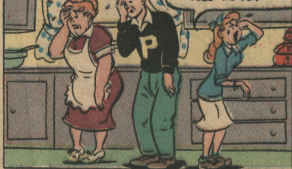
BUT EMMA, THIS WAS  
**YOUR** IDEA! ... AND  
BESIDES, YOU SPENT  
300 BUCKS OF MY HARD-  
EARNED CASH FOR THAT  
TABLE! ... WE CAN'T AFFORD  
TO THROW THAT MUCH  
MONEY OUT THE  
WINDOW!



**GULP!** YOUR  
FATHER'S **RIGHT**,  
NATCH! ... THIS  
WAS OUR IDEA!  
I WONDER IF MAC  
WOULD BUY THE  
TABLE **BACK?**

CREEPERS,  
**NO!** HE'S BEEN  
TRYIN' TO GET  
RID OF IT FOR  
TEN YEARS!

**BAW!** I WON'T  
BE ABLE TO  
CALL MY HOME  
MY OWN UNTIL  
THE TABLE'S  
WORN OUT, AND  
IT'LL **NEVER** BE,  
CUZ IT'S MADE OF  
CAST IRON ... JACKSON  
TOLD ME SO!



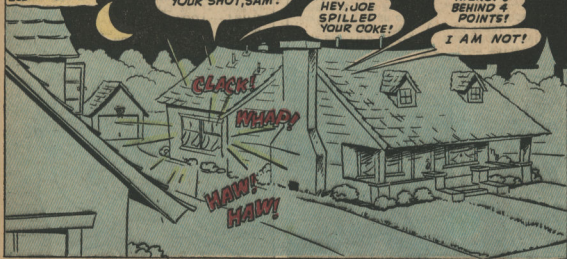
**MIDNIGHT!**

YOUR SHOT, SAM!

HEY, JOE  
SPILLED  
YOUR COKE!

KILROY'S  
BEHIND 4  
POINTS!

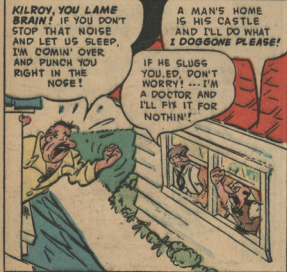
I AM NOT!



KILROY, YOU LAME  
BRAIN! IF YOU DONT  
STOP THAT NOISE  
AND LET US SLEEP,  
I'M COMIN' OVER  
AND PUNCH YOU  
RIGHT IN THE  
NOSE!

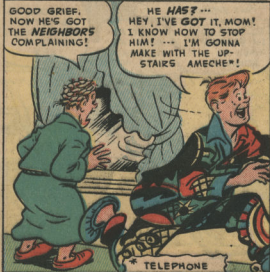
A MAN'S HOME  
IS HIS CASTLE  
AND I'LL DO WHAT  
I DOGGONE PLEASE!

IF HE SLUGS  
YOU, ED, DON'T  
WORRY! ... I'M  
A DOCTOR AND  
I'LL FIX IT FOR  
NOTHIN'!

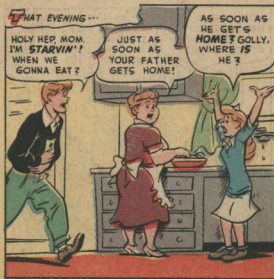
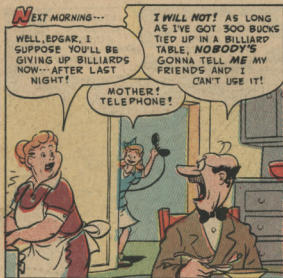


GOOD GRIEF,  
NOW HE'S GOT  
THE **NEIGHBORS'**  
COMPLAINING!

HE **HAS?** ...  
HEY, I'VE GOT IT, MOM!  
I KNOW HOW TO STOP  
HIM! ... I'M GONNA  
MAKE WITH THE UP-  
STAIRS AMECH!



\* TELEPHONE





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